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To his ROYAL HIGHNESS The DUKE, upon his Arrival.

WHen you, Great Sir, began to disappear,
All Loyal Hearts invaded were with Fear;
Hope, only in *Scotch* Rebels liv'd, who knew,
Our Courage and our Conduct fled in you.
Pirates and Rebels joyntly did Command,
Turks prey'd on all by Sea, and *Scots* by Land.
The *Turks*! who ne're so insolent were grown
T'approach our *Brittish*-Coasts, till you were gone,
Though what the *Algerines* first tempted forth,
Was that which mov'd their Brethren in the *North*,
Both saw we were forsaken by that Hand,
Which had with equal Glory once maintain'd
Our Flag at Sea, our Scepter on the Land.
Brave Causes both, worthy the Sword alone
Of *CHARLES* his Brother, and the *MARTYRS* Son.
What Force is able with that Arme, to fight
Which pleads a Martyrs Vows, a Sovraigns Right?
Now had you left your Brothers Rule, the Land
And past those Seas which once You did Command,
Beyond our *English* Bounds, those Bounds that were
To our poor Isle, none to your Armes appear;
Where once your Sword was drawn, your Course you bend,
Your Sword must still beyond Our Rule extend.
Flanders at once does Peace and You receive,
While Foes our Peace disturb, and Traffick grieve.
Yet these alas! like some ill Omens were,
But Harbingers of our approaching Fear.
For He, in whom we all an Interest crave.
A Brothers You, we those of Subjects have;
Whose mighty Soul could not be well contain'd
Within his own Dominions on the Land
Descends, the Ocean and his Ships to view,
Which oft engage him in deep Thoughts of You.
On your Employment musing, and your Charge,
VVishes in vain, a Subjects Soul so Large.
Fit for the Steerage of so vast a Fleet,
Or near him at the Helme on Land to sit;
VVho next the Throne might shine in silent Peace,
Or in loud VVars, might Thunder on the Seas.
But finding none, He feels the loss though late
Of such a Limb new sever'd from the State.
The first Prince of the Bloud now from him gone,
Unguarded on the Right-hand left the Throne.
For none in Deeds so Great, or Birth so High
His Place in Arms or Councils may supply:
None may of Right ascend, they may invade,
For Princes of the Bloud are Born, not Made.
T'enjoy their Titles and possess their Lot
None ever are Elected, but Begot.
VVanting his sole Support in all his Care,
His Stay in Peace, and his chief Strength in VVar,

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On whom, the King ſtill in the firſt place lean'd,
And next the King, on whom we all depend.
Unſafe in Rule, uneaſie in his Mind,
Toſt like the Sea, which dallours with the wind.
His Hopes at length, He to Deſpair reſigns,
Decays in Vigour, and in Health declines.

Soon as the fatal News once reach'd your Ear,
Urg'd with a Brothers Zeal, and Subjects Care,
You fly with ſuch like haſt as Angels move
On all the wings of Duty, and of Love;
Angels and You alike Employment have,
To ſuccour Kings, and diſtres'd Nations ſave.
The Forreign Shore, which when you did arrive
Met you in Shew, your Veſſel to Receive,
Removing now, leſt by its guilty ſtay
It might be thought your Voyage to delay,
Does in Appearance awfully Recede
And ſeems in Duty from your Veſſel fled;
VVhich proud to bear him for her ſingle Load,
VVho ſtill whole Fleets and Armies has abroad,
All Oppoſition does, like You, deſpiſe,
And labour'd by the VVaves, ſtill higher riſe,
No danger can be great enough for Fear
VVhere *Cæſars* Brother, and his Fortune are.
His high extraction, and his happy Fate
The proud Sails ſwell, and Veſſel elevate.
VVhile to the winds her Canvas wings are Spread,
The lazy winds you chide, for want of ſpeed.
And with impatience their Delays controul,
For winds, compar'd to wing'd Deſires, are dull.
Your Thoughts alas! preventing them, before
Your Voyage had diſpatch't and reacht the Shore.

Nor Landed on the Shore, do you proceed
VVith more Solemnity, or with leſs ſpeed;
VVith ſuch Diſpatch arriving at the Court
You ev'n Fame prevent, and outfly Report
As ſwift, yet not leſs ſilent then, the Light.
Of which we hear no News, till 'tis in ſight.
Me thinks I ſee the Royal Brothers meet,
Their Souls and Bodies in Embraces knit.
VVhile in the Union of their Arms is ſeen,
The cloſer Union of their Hearts within
How they embrac, and in th embraces melt,
Cannot reported be, it muſt be felt.
VVhile Joys too mighty for their Tongues ariſe,
And flow out in th' expreſſions of their Eyes.
Such pow'rful Tranſports for which words we want
VVhich when we imitate, we beſt ſhall paint.
Can we who ſee this, ſtand unmov'd? Can we
VVho ſee th embraces of the Brothers, be,
If their Example, or our Duty bind,
To them unfaithful, or our ſelves unkind?
Ah no! let us in Love our ſtrife employ,
And never weep henceforth, but Tears of Joy.

FINIS.